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THURSDAY, JULY 31, 1919.

Wise Men and Wall Street.

Wall Street is supposed to be peopled by wise if not clever persons. There are some wise ones but the percentage of middle class intelligence or low class probably is as pronounced in the Street of Gold as anywhere else in the land.

A remarkable illustration of the purliness even of some of the leaders or near leaders is furnished in the advertisement of a stock flotation by two banking concerns.

In the statement of the business they show that the returns were as follows:

Year.	Gross Sales.	Net Profits.
1916.	\$30,735,637	\$2,012,937
1917.	23,700,722	2,600,747
1918.	24,502,376	3,501,340

What the capitalization of the business was in these three years is not indicated.

Roughly the figures indicate that the business had a profit of 9 1/2 per cent in 1916 on its sales of goods, which is a pretty fair showing; about 11 in 1917 and nearly 15 in 1918. No complaint would be made with this presentation but for the fact that the figures show that an increase in sales of \$800,000 in 1918 as against 1917 there was an increase in net profits of \$900,000.

Either the profits of 1917 were too small for the volume of business (and they were not according to trade standards) or the patrons of the house got a rough deal in 1918.

The grim jest in the whole affair is in the business being known rather widely and proclaiming itself as a "bargain house" extraordinary.

The bankers in effect indict the merchants whose business is being put into a corporation and whose stock shares are being offered to the public either as being poor business men in 1916 and 1917 when their net was 10 per cent on the gross turnover or as profiteers in 1918 when they got from the public more of an increase in profit than there was increase in trade.

Rivals of that new corporation could use the bankers' statements and make the patrons of the "bargain store" ask some disagreeable questions. And yet Wall Street bankers do not see how costly, if not ruinous, the bald figures they place before the investing public could be made to that retail establishment.

A \$900,000 increase of net profits on an \$800,000 increase in business goes to suggest something as to why there has been so big an advance in the cost of living.

Baker informs us that the strike of 2,000 prisoners at Leavenworth will delay consideration of their "claims of amnesty." Must one remain meek in order to get justice? We tried that doctrine in dealing with Germany.

Keeping Boys on the Farm

The way for us to keep boys on the farm is to show them the profit possibilities of the farm during school years.

Apples are the finest fruit in the world.

This is proven by the fact that there is a world-wide demand for them.

Ohio has the finest apple soil in the world.

This is also true of certain parts of most adjoining States.

Yet all the Eastern centers of population import apples from Oregon and pay 10 and 15 cents apiece for them.

All that this means is that somebody who knew how to spray and graft trees lived in Oregon and started to producing apples there; others saw the profit possibilities by example and did likewise until a great horticultural industry was built up.

This shows what knowledge and will can do in the face of natural disadvantages and remoteness.

Five years ago an engineer in one of the public power plants of Cleveland bought a small tract of land near the city and merely with the idea of a summer camp.

On this land was an abandoned apple orchard the trees of which had not been trimmed in thirty years, and that value had not been taken into consideration in the sale.

This engineer obtained a few months' leave of absence from his job and he and his wife, a former telephone operator, took a course in horticulture at the Ohio State University.

They found out how to spray, trim and graft trees.

Last year they cleared \$2,000 from the once abandoned apple orchard on their place.

This engineer says that when a boy, 25 years ago, he left a 160-acre farm near Youngstown, Ohio, because he didn't see a living out of it.

That with what he knows now he would have never left that farm; that with his present knowledge he could have easily and cheaply turned its worst acreage into its most profitable acreage.

This engineer further says that he learned nothing in his horticultural course that could not be taught the average boy in his school course from the sixth to the eighth grade, and certainly to more completeness in the high school course.

The fundamental production of wealth in this country is agriculture—always has been and always will be.

The great agricultural future for the Eastern and Central West States is in the garden and orchard and in order to feed the cities. The grain crops will be more and more left to the far West where the acreage is greater and cheaper.

Considering the importance of agriculture in fundamental wealth production, should we not take it into greater consideration in our public school courses—not only in the country but in the cities?

When an administration leader gets into a tight argument about the peace treaty, he clinches the matter by asserting that the league's friends have the votes to pass it—and there is no argument against that sort of logic.

Ships and More Ships.

The Emergency Fleet Corporation is turning out ships in fine style. Up to the middle of July it had delivered 1,066 vessels totaling 6,068,739 dead-weight tons. It had launched at the same time 1,524 vessels with a dead-weight tonnage of 8,030,288 and had laid the keels of 2,081 vessels with a dead-weight tonnage of 11,421,111.

The deliveries for the first six and a half months almost equal the total for 1918.

Between the launching of a ship and its delivery there is a period of nearly 2 months.

Shipbuilding on the Great Lakes is particularly active, three times as many men being employed as during the war.

What the production of the American shipyards means may be appreciated when it is said that the 2,081 vessels whose keels have been laid represent nearly 60 per cent of the total tonnage of the merchant marine of Great Britain before the war.

Taft says the Shantung provision has been the subject of deliberate exaggeration. At any rate, the tongue part has been exaggerated.



NEW YORK DAY BY DAY

New York, July 30.—Midnight in the Automat! Does not sound very intriguing, but it seems to be one of the high spots of the town at present with booze gone. All the world drifts through its revolving doors at night. Near the Globe Theater, in the heart of the Rialto, it is proving a common meeting ground for legit and variety.

The curious brood of night hawks—always pasty faced and furtive with their glances—move in and out the crowds. And I saw a noted millionaire there. Perhaps he was slumming. But he got a cut of the apple pie out of the slot and devoured it with striking zest.

No high caste Brahman ever gave more striking evidence of his exalted position in life than the old codger who came in with a bejeweled dowager—obviously his wife—for they never said a word. He blustered his way through the line at the coffee spout and got two cups, leaving a gold knobbed cane and a silk hat on the marble topped table.

At another table two young men in caps, with cigarettes hanging from loose lips, pored over the race-horse forms in the midnight edition of the Morning Telegraph. There was a feverish look about their eyes. Something told the observer that unless Wonder Girl or some other horse galloped in first the next day, two nonproducers were going to be entirely broke.

A bevy of chorus girls, with saucy red hats and high white shoes, only a few minutes away from their dressing rooms, ate indigestible steaks and onions and rapped the leading man. The table d'hotel black cat also rubbed against sympathetic legs and ankles, and the aged old man selling the Matrimonial News hoarsely called out his papers. He always, with no attempt at humor, called it the "Matrimonial Noose."

The bluish yellow glare of the mercury lights, the clatter of innumerable dishes, the hum of voices, now and then a shout of laughter, the clang of street cars and honk of motors outside—all give a certain charm to this strange metropolitan Mecca. With the rising cost of food it may not survive—nobody knows but it is going to have a busy life while it lasts.

A well-known New Yorker dropped his favorite liquid dispensary shop the other day to see if he could find a thrill or so in "The Old Oak Bucket," "Ard Ale," or a "Sahara Flip" before taking his train to Connecticut. Since July 1 he has been trying a new kind of drink every day. He ran into the proprietor, who took him up to the bar. "I want you to try one of my light-wine specials," he invited. The New Yorker, welcoming a change from soft drinks, fairly gurgled his thanks. After a while the bartender lifted the drinks from underneath the bar. The glasses were touched in mock formality of another day, and both drank deep. The New Yorker soon began to struggle. He was drinking straight Scotch whisky. He never liked it. According to the story told me that was the proprietor's way of showing the bartender that this man was all right and in the future he could have what he wanted. I have also been told that there are innumerable saloons where you can get hard drinks with the same old abandon if you are known to be "all right."

UNCLE ICHABOD—HIS COUSIN'S COMPLIMENT

By EDMUND VANCE COOKE

"My first cousin Ike," Uncle Ichabod said, "was a sawed off runt, with a narrier head, and a squeak in his voice and a And he married my wife's third cousin, Liz."

"He prided himself on his common sense and he didn't believe in compliments. And he bragged that he never had given his wife any soap powder in all their life."

"But a day of reckoning comes to all and the hottest pride has got to fall. And there's none can tell when Fate will strike."

So at last the joke was on Cousin Ike.

"It was after that sick spell Lizzie had That Ike put his foot in his mouth so bad."

"And we all was there when he made his move. So there wasn't no aibhl he could prove."

"So the joke's on Ike and it sorts shows That a feller is softer than most folks knows."

"And even old Ike could be eloquent When the proper time come for a compliment."

"For as we was a standin' around about, He just couldn't hold in, and he bust right out With a compliment for his wife—for Liz."

"And he says, 'What a splendid corpse she is!'"

OPHELIA'S SLATE.

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"SCHOOL DAYS"



The shipwreck

By DWIG

Such Is Life

As It Is Seen

By O. B. JOYFUL

Edmond H. Brooks, two years old, heard someone speak of the difficulty a camel might experience getting through a needle's eye.

He had a camel, toy wooden camel. Edmond tried putting it through a needle's eye.

No luck at all. Then he swallowed the camel. That was three weeks ago. Other day a surgeon found the camel in Edmond's tummy.

Mount Pulaski, Ill.—Fifteen hundred persons reside here, but no one has had a bath in 48 hours. A consumer left his faucet open all night and morning found the town's supply tank empty.

That is one reason why folks desert the rural district for city life.

But on the other hand: Willimantic, Conn. — Barns and hay mowers in the country are preferable to sky-high rents in the city—except for the barn owners. Farmer caused the arrest of a couple who made his barn a free flat.

This is, we believe, a brand-new cause for divorce.

Mrs. George Voelker of San Francisco, Cal., wants a divorce because George is too obedient. Quarrels always ended by her ordering him to leave home, she said. One day he obeyed orders.

Much has been said about the alleged ability of a doctor to relieve the heavy feeling in a patient's purse, but it isn't often that a patient repays, so to speak, the doctor because of the severity of such incidents that we print the following:

St. Louis, Mo.—Robert Warren, 21, was arrested here on complaint of Dr. Edward F. Studer, charged with stealing \$17 and a check for \$3 from the doctor's pocket as he was taking Warren's temperature at City Hospital.

Have you ever noticed how many laps some people keep behind in the current of life?

A Rutland, Vt., man came to town other day and was surprised to learn that the country had adopted a prohibition method of life.

A Western Kansas farmer appeared in Kansas City and when somebody mentioned the league of nations, asking him where folks in his neck of the woods stood on the question, replied:

"Oh, we ain't got no time to pay 'tension to them baseball leagues."

A New York East-Sider, applying for citizenship after a ten-year residence, gave the leading nations of the world as—

"New York, Wilson, Europe, Germany, Jersey and Long Island."

Yes, indeed, "Life is a curious mixture of things."

WELL! AIN'T NATURE WONDERFUL!

At this point of the calendar, the straw hats are beginning to limp. After acting since launching day as a garage for showers, hitching post for dust, and parking space for sun slants, the hay helmets are now as limber looking as a picnic salad plate the next day. The alfalfa awnings have taken a couple of trips to the lid laundries, but their original snappy complexion is curled up like cabbage slaw. You can't bring it back to its original state on the head. Draping a new band on the bleached bonnet to smack its appearance is like playing a fresh needle on a cracked record. All the sparrows have a nimble eye aimed at the timothy tents as future bungalows for the winter.

A LINE O' CHEER EACH DAY O' THE YEAR.

By John Kendrick Bangs.

THE GAIN.

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If one hath wronged me deeply 'tis my whim To do my best to keep from wronging him.

So that when the account is reckoned up There'll be no bitter taste within my cup;

And though I be the loser there will be The gain of consolation left to me.

That I've no hurt to self-respect and pride That comes from inner sense of Right denied.

Who's Who in Our City



KENNEDY F. REA.

Billions of dollars spent by the government down to a penny must go through the hands of Kennedy F. Rea, who has won the title of being the greatest financier in the United States.

Mr. Rea is clerk to the Appropriations Committee of the Senate and he must be familiar with each and every department and bureau in the government in order that all details be tabulated and put in proper shape to be acted upon by the committee.

He is so familiar with all money spent by the government that he has become a permanent fixture as the financial encyclopedia to Senators and Representatives, as well as to heads of departments.

Coming to Washington from Indiana about thirty years ago, Mr. Rea was appointed messenger to the House Appropriations Committee.

Several years ago, Thomas P. Cleaves, who was the veteran clerk of the Senate Appropriations Committee, was taken ill and the Senate committee cast about for a man to act as Mr. Cleaves' assistant.

Mr. Rea was selected to fill this position and when Mr. Cleaves died he succeeded to the clerkship of the committee.

He is a thirty-second degree Mason and a member of Albert Pike Consistory of this city, and also a Shriner; is a member of the Ninth Street Christian Church; is married and has three children, the oldest being 26 years of age, Capt. Everett F. Rea, of the U. S. Ordnance Corps service.

His hobby is to cultivate and raise roses, and he boasts of having 350 varieties, which are now in their full bloom at his home on Sixteenth street, extended.

The Virgin Islands do not offer a large market for automobiles, for though the exports of cars from the United States to these islands increased 500 per cent from 1913 to 1918, their value was only \$15,000 in the last fiscal year.

MAIN 1062

HAYWORTH

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'Round the Town

With CAPT. J. WALTER MITCHELL

Prophets of Dire Disaster.

Referring to a certain class of people who are grouped under the general heading of "pessimists," COL. BARRY BULKLEY, secretary of the Grand National Theater Corporation, made this philosophical observation: "Some of the most beautiful days are spoiled by these fellows who predict rain and cyclonic winds before nightfall."

National Defense Still Live Subject.

The reorganization of the National Defense League is proposed, and COL. WINFIELD JONES, national secretary, will be appealed to by former members to keep the league on the map. Since the formation of the defense organization, prior to the world war, national headquarters have been maintained in this city, while the membership represented every State in the Union. In the light of after events the good work of the National Defense League is being recognized and appreciated. When the United States declared war on Germany, April 6, 1917, this country had but few modern instruments of warfare and its small army was unprepared. The League had sowed the seeds of preparedness and the value of its teachings became apparent when Uncle Sam shook off his lethargy and prepared for action. Representative JULIUS KAHN, of California, was president of the League when its activities ceased.

Evolution of an Old Landmark.

"The theater of Southeast Washington," as VERNON CROSS dubbed the venerable old structure, 516 to 518 Eighth street, near the Marine Barracks many years ago, is to be transformed. It has been known since before the civil war as Odd Fellows' Hall, southeast, to distinguish it from the Odd Fellows' Hall on Seventh street northwest, and many balls and amateur theatrical performers were held there. The second floor was used for amusement purposes while lodges of the I. O. O. F. met on the third floor. After the Odd Fellows vacated the venerable building it was used as a meeting place for an organization known as "The Archer and Immaculate Order of Moors." Now, the first floor is to be converted into a modern market and the two upper stories into living apartments. The old hall was the scene of many events of importance in the hazy past when Washington was young and many pleasant memories to old East Washingtonians cluster about the ancient edifice.

Issued by a Chicago lawyer, offering \$5,000 apiece to each of several hospitals and other charitable institutions, if Roosevelt would allow himself to be examined by competent alienists, and they did not pronounce him to be a "madman." No! he was not mad, but he had the fervor, the courage, the impetuosity of a Crusader to undergo the test of ordeal by battle.

From notes of the conversation Judge Grant made at the time I quote the following. Judge Grant asked: "Will any of the party leaders support you?"

"No," he said, "none of them! My support will come from the people offered by a few lieutenants— young men principally, like Governor Bark of New Hampshire. He said that he realized that the probabilities were all against his nomination; that a President in office had all the machinery on his side; but that of course, it wouldn't do to admit outside that he expected to lose."

"If he could reach the popular vote through direct primaries, he could hope to win. Manifestly he believed, it is indispensable for the future good of the Republican party that he should make the breach. When he said as much, I asked, 'But the situation is complex. I suppose you would like to be President?'"

"You are right," he replied, "it is complex. I like power, but I care nothing to be President as President. I am interested in these ideas of mine and I want to carry them through, and feel that I am the one to carry them through." He said that he believed the most important questions today were the humanitarian and economic problems, and intimated that the will of the people had been thwarted in these ways, especially by the courts on constitutional grounds, and that reforms were urgent.

As I went out into the midnight, I felt sad, as one might after bidding farewell to a friend who has future good to lead for him. I did not realize, then the moral depth from which Roosevelt's resolve came, or that he would rather die for that cause than be victorious in any other.

On the next day, Monday, February 26, he announced to the country that he was a candidate for the Republican nomination.

There is an excellent opportunity in China for American hosiery merchants. There are 1,000,000 pairs of socks in 1917, 2,774,345 dozen pairs of hose, of which 259,462 dozen were re-exported abroad, making the net import of hosiery into China 2,474,883 dozen, valued at \$2,750,000.

Times Square

At Broadway, 44th to 45th Streets, —the center of New York's social and business activities. In close proximity to all railway terminals.

We would like to send you an interesting little booklet entitled "New York In Your Pocket." Write for it.

Hotel Astor

Visitors who know New York will tell you that, despite its excellence of service and cuisine, Hotel Astor rates are no higher than those of any fine hotel.

Whether you